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INSULT TO THE HOST.

“THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

It was at the close of the fourteenth century, when the imagination of the Christian world had been taxed to its utmost, to find some new horror worthy of being charged upon the unoffending Jew, that the worn-out cry, the echo of long-past ages—“Insult to the Host,” ran through the Church, and the Jew of Brussels, who not only sacrificed immense treasure to procure an opportunity for the gratification of his hate, but paid for his temerity by a death of horrid and protracted torture, was at least as worthy to sit at the Master’s table, as those who gathered about it, only to take bitter counsel together in a vain effort to depress yet farther a world-persecuted people. Strange indeed, to those who look at the fact in the perspective of five centuries, seems the delusion of men, who not only thought their unrelenting persecution of the sons of Abraham justified by God, but supported their position by miracle, and asserted that when the knife of the circumcised touched the consecrated wafer, the warm blood of the crucified Redeemer gushed forth. Stranger still seems the gorgeous procession that annually to this day—we speak advisedly,—that annually to this day parades the streets of the German city, in sacred

commemoration of the agonized death of the culprit, Jonathan of Enghien. Little need have we however to check our wonder here; the nineteenth century is scarcely so faithful to the Gospel of love, that it dare sit very long in open judgment upon the fourteenth. It is more honorable by far in it, to investigate its own short-comings and listen for a while to the deep murmur of "Insult to the Host," given out by the suffering Christianity of the present age.

In the times of which we have just spoken, few Christians seemed to reflect that the spirit of revenge in which they advocated their faith implied a deeper insult to the risen Lord, than the trampling of the wafer beneath the foot of the Israelite. So now, perhaps, there are those who honor with their lips and obey with their outward life the law of Christ, yet pierce him hourly afresh in their inmost hearts. "There is truth enough in England to save humanity," said a moral reformer not long since, "if it were but *spoken* truth." So is there piety enough in Christendom to leaven the five races of men, were it but thrown out, crystalized in action—not only the action of men, in relation to each other, but the action of the affections, aspirations and impulses in every heart, in relation to its own individual life. Spiritual communion is the truest memorial of Jesus, and whatever jars upon the soul, destroying its equilibrium, and sinking the spirit below the uplifting love of the Master, is also, an "insult to the Host."

"Pray without ceasing," said the Apostle, and there seems something of cant, in speaking of special preparation for the Communion. The Christian needs to strive *continually* for oneness with the mind of Christ, but he is weak, and there will be, though there should not be, moments in which the lower man will assert supremacy, and the loveliness of the Divine Image be effaced in his soul. Nor is such supremacy always the passing exercise of doubtful authority. Struggle after struggle is sometimes necessary, before he can re-assert himself a free man, and then this simple rite, binding as it

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should all the followers of Jesus upon earth, with the spirit of forbearance, and the humble love of heaven, is a means of liberty. It is chiefly as a new means, that the Communion presents itself to the Christian, and he who is seeking earnestly will not pass by a yet inferior aid. When the spirit is too faint to stand upright of itself, the sympathies of the church, finding utterance through him who ministers at its altar, close about, and uphold it, and wine and bread become rather emblems of Heaven-born joy and strength, than of death and Calvary.

It is sad to see how little of truth there is in the common estimation of the rite. Some of us come up to the altar as to the stronghold of a party. On the first Sabbath of every month we bind ourselves anew, to the support of some special doctrine, or the extermination of some abominated heresy. Some of us come and go, and are not enriched. Some of us partake of the elements, and murmur sacred words, and tune our lips to melody so sweet and mournful, that the spirit's echo only starts the inward tear—yet leave the altar with hearts as impatient, and spirits as querulous, and tones as rough as we came up. The Dove has not rested on our souls; we feel not the encircling arms of the Father; we know not that, having stood within the holy of holies, our presence should be lowlier, our rebukes more gentle, our patience more enduring, our very footfall lighter, for that and many a long day. Thus is it with those who indeed drink of this cup. As the faltering Israelites shrank from the love-lighted face of their prophet, so the weaknesses of humanity evade the clear daylight of such a presence, while all that is strong, and good, and beautiful in its inward life comes out to be strengthened and uplifted and enriched.

More than once have I seen the delicious sky of a New England summer bending to meet the joyous green of the trees, above the altar where a man venerable with years has exhorted his brethren to pledge themselves anew, in the cup

of the sacrament, to support the creed by which they were bound, and to combat, so far as in them lay, such as the weak judgment of the brotherhood deemed untrue to God. More than once in Southern climes, where it seems as if the very bounty of nature might move men's hearts to widest beneficence, have I seen the sacred emblems of suffering love refused to the thirsting disciple, because "another communion" had received him. Another communion! as if there could be any communion beside that of the Son; as if the table about which all Christendom gathers, could belong to any pastor, bishop, priest or church; as if it had ever been other than the proper refreshment of all willing hearts! This more than all things do we need to learn. More than once, yea, many times, North and South, the wide world through, may we all see those who in their mistaken desire to benefit others, talk much, and with strange bustle, about the duties of the church, the privilege of the sacrament, and the value of piety, forgetting all the while, like some of the fourteenth century, to be just to their dependents, merciful to the needy, or courteous to their equals—to check the idle censure of idler minds, to uproot a starting falsehood, to call men and things by their right names.

Go up then, thou who falterest in thy walk, but first put far from thee every species of unkindness, self-will or indecision; remember no more the injury, the irritation or the accident, which shattered thy self-control but yesterday. Prepare the temple for the willing spirit. Not of thine own power cometh the indwelling God, but thou canst, at least, invite him to thee by the sacrifice of a lowly and a contrite heart. Rememberest thou the zealots of olden story, who rushing with profane, intemperate haste to the rescue of the Ark of God, fell death-stricken as their hands touched it? Be sure then, that in thy simple appeal to Infinite Mercy, thou keep the balance steadily between earnestness and judgment, that thou open thine heart to the river of Love, that thou bear up to Heaven on

thine ascending spirit the frailties of all the world; and if sometimes thou turn aside and sigh for those who seem to thee far gone astray, let the loveliness of thy life win them both to thee and to thy faith. Imbibe so far as thou mayst, in these rare glimpses of the higher world, the spirit of him who healed the wound inflicted in his own defence. Remember that his last prayer was for the salvation of one who had offended against that law of truth, in behalf of which he sacrificed his life. Value thy faith, but for the sake of it undervalue not the faith of others.

C. W. H.

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### BELIEF A TEST OF CHARACTER.

No matter what a man believes, provided he lives a good life! Whose ears have not been afflicted with this careless, this unqualified, this ill-digested sentence? No matter what a man believes! Has not God given to us minds—and are we not responsible for their employment? What right have we to be stupid and absurd, and indifferent, to be forever contradicting ourselves, to suffer our minds, the noblest of the divine works, to be filled full of rubbish? Is a man bound to use his hands, and is he not bound to use his head? What is His teaching concerning this matter, who spake a parable of the talents? Was ever the man, who received but one talent, exempted from the obligation to double it? No matter what a man believes! Has not truth then, clearly, justly apprehended, a mighty influence upon life? Is it not the great moving and sanctifying power? Was not Jesus “the truth?” Did he not pray, “sanctify them by thy truth?” Did he not promise, “the truth shall make you free?” No matter what a man believes! Is there not then an “evil heart of unbelief?” Is not the promise, that man “shall know of the doctrine,” confined to those who “do the will?” Are there not delicate,

yet important shades of truth, which only obedience can make known? "Ye are not of the truth, therefore ye do not hear me." The spirit within must bear witness to the prophet's words, or they become an idle tale or a pleasant song. We are absorbed in the worship of our earthly idols, and in vain does truth unveil for us her shining countenance. Our eyes are holden, our souls are dead, the prophet is blind, and the common man is unlearned.

It is then a great matter, whether our belief is or is not a good belief. A really good life can be manifested only by him who has the right belief. Only Jesus "the truth" is Jesus "the life." But shall I say to my brother in some other religious connexion, 'I am better than thou art, for my belief is better?' No; for he may have employed a poor instrument with more effect than I have employed a good instrument; and besides, I have no call to judge my brother. Shall I say, nevertheless, that if we were all more faithful, we should all have a better belief, and that if we all had a better belief, we should all be more faithful? Most certainly; for it is a great matter, a matter for which we must answer before God, what a man thinketh in his heart.

R. E.

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### A POOR APOLOGY.

'VERY TRUE, BUT I CANNOT HELP IT.'

WHEN duty is clearly set forth, this is often the rejoinder. You "cannot help it!" I deny this: you can. The will that God confirmeth, is not so infirm that it cannot comply with the injunctions of that conscience, through which the same God makes known his most righteous pleasure. Jesus convicts all the world of sin, not because man has not done what he could not do. 'You cannot help it.' I admit the plea: in a certain qualified sense, it is true. But I shall not thus exempt

you from the obligation and effort to do the whole will of God. 'You are without strength.' Be it so, since even for such Christ died. 'Your natural powers are insufficient, for them it is impossible; indeed, you cannot *conceive* how any one can do what is perfectly right.' Well, be it so; Christ does not ask you to love and obey with your own spirit, with your own affections, with your own thoughts, unaided. He offers to shed abroad his own spirit, to give a new strength, to make the impossible possible and certain, to give you the freedom of a child of God. Herein is the Gospel a most precious gift of sovereign Mercy. We *can* do our duty, and *are* unfaithful; we are shown to be under sin; yet even with such God deals gently, and sends Christ, a new "wisdom and power" unto salvation. Whosoever thou art, then, that urgest the plea, 'I cannot help it,' consider this, and with the blessing of God, may it minister to the want of your soul.

R. E.

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### GOD HELP THE POOR !

From cellars foul and damp and dark, where stoop the shivering poor,  
 From city lanes, from roofless huts along the dreary moor,  
 Where cold and hunger chill the heart, comes up the wailing cry,  
 'God help us in the freezing storm,—God help us, or we die !'

God help the poor ! God help the poor ! for man, with scornful gaze,  
 For nought but riches and the rich his eager footstep stays ;  
 With cold, dry eye, and colder heart, he hurries by the door  
 Whence comes the hunger-sharpened cry, "God help the freezing poor !"

So, out to seek kind charity, go forth the weak and young,—  
 The mother with her mournful eyes, and age with palsied tongue,  
 From the cold hearth, the hungry board, the inhospitable door,  
 In the less cold and hungry streets they cry, "Help ! help the poor !"

The old man, in the piercing blast stares, with a vacant eye,  
 As shuddering he totters on, upon the cold, hard sky ;  
 Anon for charity he looks, behind him and before,  
 And feebly, with his quavering voice, he cries, "God help the poor !"

The frosts of age and wintry snows are on his furrowed brow,  
But colder on his heart than all, the world's neglect comes now ;  
And fainter still he mumbles, as the rich man's steeds rush by,  
"In this cold wind, in this cold world, God help me or I die !"

He staggers on with tottering step, while in the unpitied wind  
His rags, blown off his shivering frame, are streaming far behind;  
He reels, he falters, gasps and falls before the rich man's door ;  
His stiffened limbs are now at rest, for God *has helped* the poor.

The tender, prattling innocent, in garments few and thin,  
No food nor fire to keep cold out, with rents to let cold in,—  
With little naked, bleeding feet he runs, and cries the more,  
As follows on the biting wind, "Help, help the freezing poor !"

That tender cheek shall soon be hard, but harder than the cheek  
Shall grow, with harshness, want and crime, his heart now soft and  
meek:

Oh ! will not man in charity unlock his heart and store ?  
Then in their happy innocence God take the children poor !

The lonely widow, who, in lands far o'er the pathless seas,  
Was blessed with all that wealth can give of luxury and ease,—  
With hollow eye, and chattering teeth she mutters evermore,  
"Alone, alone, from friends and home, God help the widow poor !

"The wintry snows all pure and white on the black hearth-stone rest,  
But purer, colder lies my babe upon my stone-cold breast.  
Oh ! is there not some hand, some heart, with love's glad sunshine warm,  
To kindle life within my veins, for the boy upon my arm ?

"God and his holy angels help ! those ministers of love !—  
Alas ! there comes no help from man, oh send it from Above !  
Oh ! will not God, the God of all, the friendless stranger hear,  
And in this far off, freezing land, can *He* not help and cheer ?

"No pity in the cold, cold wind, that drives with angry roar  
Thro' broken panes and shattered roof and the old time-eaten door,—  
How like a knife cuts through my heart its sharp and piercing breath !  
Oh ! is there not more charity in the chill grasp of death ?

"Oh ! could I in the savage roar hear but a kind, soft voice,  
Its very tones would warm my soul and make the starved rejoice ;  
The friendly smile on my dark hearth would shed a cheering light,  
Its balm would heal the deepest wound of misery's fatal blight !"

J. R. JR.



## THE PATIENCE OF TRUST.

A SERMON, BY REV. THOMAS B. FOX.

ISAIAH XXX. 15. For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel : In returning and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength ; and ye would not.

USED as an argument for the defence or the building up of systems of theology, the doctrine of "a double sense," as it is called, in Scripture is not to be recognized for a moment. On the contrary, the principle is steadily and constantly to be adhered to, that no passage in its original connection can have more than one meaning. Once admit that underneath the plain and obvious signification of a text there is hidden another signification of equal authority, and you give room for fancy to indulge in wildest speculations. And yet, I suppose, few can read the striking and sublime and beautiful language of the Bible without receiving from it other truth than that which the writer intended alone to inculcate. The heart and the imagination will appropriate and use words which cheer and delight them, even though they were, at first, uttered for a purpose quite different from that which they are made to subserve. A phrase limited in the place where it stands will be extended and made general, and the soul will derive from it instruction and hope and solace, which it was not intended directly to bestow.

This remark is applicable to my text. The prophet is uttering predictions and warnings with reference to the vain reliance of the Israelites on the Egyptians, for succor under the evils brought upon them by the invasion of Sennacherib; he is condemning them for their want of trust in Jehovah, and urging them to renew their confidence in the Almighty as their Deliverer. But his words, as we read them, in certain moods of mind, come home to the individual bosom, with an

impressiveness far greater than that which belongs to them considered simply as reproaches against a faithless nation. They seem to be addressed to every doubting, stricken, troubled heart, every seeking, questioning, anxious spirit, to all that mourn and wander, all that crave—and alas! who does not sometimes crave—peace. “In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.” There is a truth expressed—shadowed forth at least—in these tender and touching words, on which we may well meditate. They say to us, that at times a simple, childlike reliance on Providence—a patient *waiting* for light, to show the path of duty—is *all* we can do, and the best we can do.

I say, *at times*; for we may not hide the fact, that in the varied discipline of life conflict and action, involving hard struggle and earnest endeavor, are demanded of us. Out of granite rock, by toil and sweat, must be hewn a portion of man's pathway to heaven. Over stormy seas, amid mountain waves and thundering tempests, a portion of the voyage to the better land must be made. The soul has foes that must be met in battle, and conquered by resolute bravery. We have to “seek” and “strive”; we have to gather up the energies of our nature and manfully use them, to find truth and gain holiness. In cases not a few, God will help us only as we help ourselves. To slumber is to die. To be timid is to be lost. To be passive is to be crushed. There can be no doubt of this, for experience proves it. There are times when the parallel holds close between the Christian and the mariner; when vigilance and action, when a strong will and a steady hand, when an eye that flinches not and a nerve that trembles not, are his only safety; when the elements obey him, because he is inspired by a strong faith to command them and reduce them to subjection, or triumph over their fury. Exigencies occur, when courage and endeavor are needed; troubles come and dangers threaten and difficulties arise, when the temper that was in Luther as he set out for the Diet at Worms must

be in every one who would not falter or fall. And the same Providence, that crowns resolute effort with success, makes resolute effort essential. To say it all in a word,—trust and toil, trust and exertion, trust and daring must sometimes go together. I read not long since of a ship under full sail rushing among breakers not laid down in the chart. The captain was roused, sprang to the helm, and steered his leaping bark between ledges of rocks—not a stone's throw from the deck, until she bounded forth like a frightened steed into the open sea again. That was no moment for hesitation or doubt. Delay was shipwreck. Fear was destruction. The peril must be escaped on the instant, by firmness and strength that *will* not be baffled. Emergencies, of which this incident is a fitting type, may arise in every mortal life; and then, with his "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me," the Christian must act, vigorously and with iron-like determination.

But the trial of faith is sometimes of a different kind. The counsel often needed is that of the prophet,—when, not in the battle or the strife, but rather "in returning and rest shall ye be saved." Darkness gathers around the pilgrim, the cloud covers his leading star, the mist closes up his path, he knows neither where he is, nor what to do. Troubles come, the meaning of which God alone knows and will not for the present reveal. Changes take place in his condition or in the condition of others, for which he cannot account, and which seem to contradict every conviction on which he has been wont to rely. The sun falls out of his firmament, and night shrouds him in thick gloom. His heart, unvisited by any heavenly dew-drop, dies within him. An everlasting, universal no seems to be the echo of his every question. He is restless, anxious, racked by uncertainty, ignorant whither to go, ignorant what to think, fearing to move, and yet imagining that the firm earth trembles under him. I describe his state of mind in strong language and in bold metaphor. But is it not, my

hearer, a state of mind thou hast felt ; a state of mind all have felt—who feel at all—for a long or for a brief season ? Do not the afflicted know something of it ? Do not those “perplexed by doubt, in error lost,” know something of it ? Is there never in human experience a time of desert-like desolation, when all teachers are silent and all guides beyond reach, when the soul resembles the ship in a dense fog, seeing no beacon, finding no pilot, receiving no answer to its signal guns of distress ? Happy those—I fear they are but few—who cannot feel the force of this question ; who have nothing in present consciousness, or in their memory of the past, to interpret its meaning. They have, as yet, escaped a sadness that has weighed like lead on many bosoms ; as yet, been overlooked by a trial which frequently belongs to the lot of humanity. Others have not been so blessed. And *they* may not be so blessed always : for there is a starless, midnight hour to almost every spirit, when, like the raven from the ark, it finds no resting-place in the wide waste of waters.

For that terrible hour the spirit needs preparation and counsel. And where shall this be found ? Even in the words of the prophet,—“in returning and rest shall ye be saved : in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.” Trust and wait ; the day shall dawn and the day-star arise in the heart. Where is the proof of this ? It comes, I think, as a cheering inference from three truths or facts, which may be briefly noticed.

In the first place, there is a God—a supreme and overruling Power ; by whom all things were made, by whom all things are governed ; the Giver of all life, the Source of all strength. This cannot be denied. The heavens, in their glory, proclaim it ; the earth, in its beauty, declares it. The soul of man is almost, if not quite, conscious of it. The reason apprehends it, without argument. We cannot live an hour without recognizing it ; because we cannot live an hour without trusting to something out of ourselves. The deluded Atheist believes

the sun will rise to-morrow as it rose to-day, believes the sea is not its own master, believes in some sovereign force mightier than all the forces of nature. No one of the separate parts or elements of creation is God; and they must all be bound together, kept in harmony and order, by a will that is not *in* them, but *above* them. In this WILL we put confidence of some sort, always. We cannot help doing so, whether it seem reasonable or whether it seem absurd. There is a God—though men pass away or are found to be false. There is a God—though many things are cheating shadows. *There is a God*; though we refuse to believe more, we cannot help believing *that*. *He* speaks, and “it is done.” *He* commands, and “it stands fast.” The idea of a God seems to be innate—an ultimate truth, for which we ask no proof, and which we cannot doubt. An Infinite Cause there must be. An All-powerful Cause there must be. An Ever-acting Cause there must be. An Unerring Intelligent Cause there must be. This we *know*, or we know nothing.

Another thing we also know, namely, that God made us. We are not self-existent. We feel that we must have come from some spirit higher than ourselves—some being unto whom we bear a likeness, but who in perfectness is past our conceptions. We are not original creatures; but we are derived from the Almighty. Because there is a God, we exist. That same creative energy which quickens the seed, which shapes the leaf, which colors the flower, which sets the greater and the lesser lights in the firmament, has inspired us with understanding, made us capable of thought and love and worship. He is our Maker—and we are the work of his forming hand.

Therefore, in the third place, He *owns* us, and we are dependent upon Him—entirely at His mercy—always subject to His will. “Behold!” says the Eternal, “all souls are mine.” This is a truth we forget; because a certain degree of liberty and self-direction are granted us, because we are permitted to co-operate with the action of Providence. Our impression is,

that we possess our own souls : but how erroneous this impression ! These souls of ours are ours only in a very limited sense. We do not know what they are ; we are wholly ignorant of their essence. We do not know how they act ; the birth of their first thought is a profound mystery. Only partial is our dominion over them. Causes from without, beyond our reach, may wholly derange them ; a blow, a fever, a bereavement may entirely unhinge and unsettle them. Nay, more, when we are asleep, what becomes of them ? whither has our consciousness departed ? what sends the memory in dreams into the distant past, or the imagination forward in vision into the distant future, without any volition on our part ? Truly, my hearers, our ownership of our own spirits is after all but a temporary, and as it were occasional loan. Think, and you will soon be convinced of this : and of this it is good to be convinced. To realize the soul's dependence upon God, is to awaken the religious sentiment and show how reasonable and right are its highest exercises. If it is well for man to remember his strength, it is well for him also to remember whence it is derived. He has weaknesses and wants and woes. He is ignorant and frail, even if he is by birth allied to angels and destined to a glorious immortality. That he belongs, therefore, to an Infinite Father and lives only as a dependent child, he never should forget.

Here, then, are these three great truths :—There is a God ; He is our Maker ; and we are entirely at His disposal. Now from these three great truths does not this conclusion follow—that the Almighty Father will never forsake the souls of His children ; but will ever be with them, at all times and in His own ways of wisdom to bless them ? There must be some direct relation between the Infinite Spirit and the spirit of all men. Inspiration, of some sort, must flow from the Source of all knowledge into the human mind.

It is rational and natural to believe this fact, though it might lead to mysticism to undertake fully to explain it. The

doctrine of an "inner light" may have been abused, and yet it has truth for its basis. All analogy, as well as the word of Scripture, teaches that God must communicate with the soul, must visit it with holy influences. The dew that comes to the drooping flower, and the rain that falls upon the thirsting grass, tell us this. As to the traveller, fainting and just ready to lie down and die in the desert, the little tuft of moss had a voice of power, to inspire his sinking heart with new hope and his fainting limbs with new vigor; so no child of the living God shall ever be utterly and forever abandoned, though for a while all may be dreary and dark.

From this fact may be drawn the encouraging belief, that "in returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Unconditional, confiding trust is sometimes most reasonable. The patience of simple faith is sometimes the only hope and stay of man. His duty is to wait—wait until the voice of the Lord whispers counsel or consolation in his bosom. It is a familiar experience with us all, that the memory will try long and hard to recal some forgotten fact or name, until it gives up in despair and ceases from its almost agonizing attempts. It returns from its fruitless search: and soon—one knows not how or by what law of suggestion—the lost and forgotten thing flashes like light into the bosom. It is a familiar experience with us all, that the mind sometimes finds itself incapable of right action; it cannot solve the problem on which it bends itself almost with desperate energy. Its faculties seem blinded and bewildered, and to struggle without the slightest success. At last the effort is given up: until after a brief space, almost unconsciously and without exertion, the desired solution is found, the desired result is revealed. Now these experiences serve partially to illustrate the way in which the soul may find relief in its inexplicable sorrows and oppressive doubts. It returns from its wanderings in the darkness, it rests from strivings that are useless, it becomes quiet and endeavors

simply to have confidence that all will be well : and then soon it is saved from its perplexity by some visit in some way from the spirit of God. Now is strength breathed into it, like the breeze of heaven which cools the fevered brow.

To undertake to say when we may thus be quiet, and when we may expect thus to be relieved, were perhaps to commit great mistakes. There is much in the workings of the human soul, that is not to be shaped into system or reduced to rules ; much that must be left as mystery which we cannot as yet solve. That there is a call however, for this childlike trust—a trust which finds an emblem in the wearied infant, reposing on its mother's bosom, soothed and refreshed by the beatings of its mother's heart—no one can deny. And whenever that call is answered, when there is "returning and rest," then earth has a fact of surpassing beauty and interest. It is grand, to see man struggling like a man with his foes. It is grand, to see man conquering difficulties with indomitable zeal. But it is grander far, to see him calm and quiet, with a patient faith waiting for the hereafter to explain the mysteries of the present, waiting for the light to shine out of darkness, waiting for the cloud of sorrow to roll away and let the sun of mercy pour down its blessed beams. Those of us, who are restless, fretful, perhaps desperate men, may not understand the nobleness of such a sight; but it is because we have gone far astray. For never is the soul so exalted, in such high and holy action, as when amid doubts and sorrows it says with a calm and steady faith, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

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It is a simple spiritual law, but slowly believed, that the soul which keeps itself near to Heaven in prayer, shall always find Heaven to be both near and open, in peril. If we are faithful in our toil, God will be faithful in our trial. \*



## SECRET SINS.

It was the prayer of the inspired poet of Israel,—“Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.” It should be the prayer of every one subject to human infirmities, of every one who has had experience of the heart’s deceitfulness and the world’s temptations. Let us but come to a distinct consciousness of our actual selves, and to the knowledge of what we ought to be, and it will be the spontaneous exclamation of every soul, “Cleanse Thou me from secret faults !”

Our liability to cherish sins that are secret, is peculiar. They are the last to leave us. Even when shame has driven the vice that deforms the character out of sight, there is always an inner chamber where the evil spirit may lurk a little time, unseen. And because no blush visits the cheek, and no reproach is heard from without, it is imagined that the retreat is safe. This homage is always paid to the general virtue of mankind, that the inclinations and the thoughts which we most despise in ourselves, are most securely shielded from observation. Just in proportion as any one advances through the stages of improvement, so increases the sense of disgrace which must attach to the commission of all evil. Hence the tendency to veil from the notice of others every exhibition of remaining moral weakness, and hence the consequent tendency to regard as banished the foibles that are only concealed within. Sins screened from publicity, therefore, are often the most deeply seated, and the most difficult to be eradicated. How often, too, is some less sin freely confessed, to gain credit for frankness, only that a multitude of greater ones may be committed in disguise !

Or, perhaps, the transgressor is resolved to free himself from all these stains, and is in the way of repentance. He reasons thus with himself:—‘As yet my moral strength is but weakness, and with my best aims I shall be constantly exposed to failure and mortification. The external acts may possibly

be kept unexceptionable. These at least shall preserve a consistency with my new professions ; but the real defects yet lingering about me, the relics of the old disbelief and darkness, shall be kept in the recesses of my own breast.' In every such resolution there is an implied apology for private sinning, and danger of but a partial recovery.

In both these cases, however, the individual is aware of his defects—purposely, either from a mistaken or a dishonest motive, concealing them. But it is equally true, that men are liable to retain these faults through actual ignorance of their existence. By no means are they therefore excusable ; for here ignorance itself is sin, and self-deception implies self-degradation. Because we have forgotten the existence in ourselves of some pernicious notion, or have continued in some chosen indulgence till we have ceased to accuse ourselves, surely we do not therefore stand exculpated before the incorrupt tribunal of Justice and Goodness. But it remains true, that there is a peculiar exposure to the practice of hidden vices, from the fact that they are hidden. Being obscured from the view of our fellow-men, they are obscured from our own. Unwitnessed, they pass unrebuked. Nothing comes from abroad to remind us of their activity. No voice of remonstrance is heard ; and conscience is left, the sole monitor of approaching peril, the solitary sentinel of the sanctuary, the single prompter to excellence. When conscience, therefore, has lost some of its power, or when its solemn cries, at hopes injured, or affections crushed, or energies wasted, are stifled by the frantic efforts of depravity or despair, then it is felt that the fire that is only covered up within, will consume in the centre, till it burn space for its fury to rage in.

If any one deem our assertions too unqualified respecting the liability of all classes of men to cherish secret sins, let the reader, setting aside the general proposition, institute a personal and an impartial examination of his own heart. Were it possible that, at this moment, the well known secret faults

prisoned in each of our breasts, seen by no human eye, breathed not in the ear of the most confidential friendship,—all the selfish desires, the unholy meditations, the unchristian feelings of hatred, envy, vanity or worldliness, that have found place there during a single day,—that these could suddenly be laid open, written out legibly on the forehead, who of us would not shrink in terror from the revelation that should be made? And yet all these are open to the sight of One purer, holier than we, whom we should dread to offend more than each other, One before whom the very heavens are not clean. “It is a mercy,” said a man who was himself a mighty master of the human heart’s secrets—Walter Scott,—“it is a mercy our own thoughts are concealed from each other. O! if at our social table we could see what passes in each bosom around, we would seek dens and caverns to shun human society. To see the projector trembling for his fallen speculations, the voluptuary rueing the event of his debauchery, the miser wearing out his soul for the loss of a guinea—all—all bent upon vain hopes and vainer regrets. Lord keep us from all temptation, for we cannot be our own shepherd!”

There are, we may farther remark, certain dangers connected with sins thus secret, which should make them objects of the closest watchfulness. They are dangerous, because they are insidious; and their insidiousness arises from their *secretness*. They spring up often, as we have seen, unobserved, and soon acquire the force and obstinacy of habits. The end in view is, rather to escape detection than to avoid the crime. The whole strength which should be exerted in discovering and annihilating the beginning of evil is exhausted in artfully contriving deceptions and escapes. Who would not prefer the character of him who strives always for the good, though he sometimes fails in the pursuit, to his, whose external fairness is but the garnished sepulchre of well-concealed pollution, whose utmost and perfect skill is to

“Look like the innocent flower,  
And be the serpent under it!”

Imagining all to be safe that is not overt transgression, we come at last to measure our virtue by our cunning in disguising low motives, and our adroitness in practising wicked actions. Instead of putting off a really bad and gaining a really good character, we only substitute management for thoughtlessness, and sacrifice in the exchange sincerity and naturalness—qualities that in us, perhaps, were the only true basis for a thorough renovation.

Another danger is found in the contagiousness that characterizes all vice. A single indulged sin will overspread the whole moral being. It will gradually contaminate the fresh and generous and holy impulses that flow forth from undefiled hearts. It will confuse, more and more, the delicate distinctions between wrong and right. It will harden, one by one, the quick sensibilities of innocence. The more deeply in the moral nature the loved sin is buried, the more nearly will it lie to the source of truth, and the more fatally will it embitter the sacred fountain. Those little hostilities, for example, that first show themselves under the form of jealousy and prejudice, soon pass from personal dislike to a more general disaffection. From concealed individual enmities the transition is easy and rapid to indifference and misanthropy. Suffer evil wishes towards one who has injured you, to live and grow in the mind, and though they be unuttered in chilling imprecations, they will abide a heavy curse upon yourself. Let place but be given to the revelings of an impure imagination, and, one by one, the holy guards of principle will yield up their armor. The dark troubler frightens away those visions of heavenly light and beauty that come down, like loving and watchful angels, to bless spotless souls with messages of peace. The sensualist may flatter himself that his fascinating dream is untold; but he will wake from it to rush in melancholy madness through inhuman gratifications, diseased satiety, and lingering death. It cannot be that one vice, consciously cher-

ished, will live long a solitary life ; a multitude will gather and cluster about it.

A fact especially to be remembered here is, that the sins which are screened with the most anxious care are those which have some mixture of selfishness. And it is precisely these which we are wont to hold most in contempt for their meanness. Tell a man of his selfishness, and there is no imputation he resents more angrily. Lay open his heart, and no fault is more prominent, none is wrapped under a more perfect disguise. Generosity and candor teach no such low arts ; and such is the power of these noble qualities, that even an erring man, who wears always an open brow, and tells you his whole story in the freedom of his better moments, carries a charm that always wins an interest. You may labor with such an one, and your words shall not fall fruitless. But he who has cased himself in the cold resolve of secret hardness of heart will hardly be sooner touched by the warmth of sympathy and encouragement, than will that heart be kindled with vital heat, that is enfolded in the stiff cerements of the grave.

Look at the condition of a soul burdened with the load of hidden guilt, simply with reference to its own melancholy loneliness. It stands cut off, by its own decree, from the fellowship which nothing but innocence can ensure. A cherished dishonest purpose prisons a man with invisible bars ; and no captivity is so cheerless as that which binds him, when "himself is his own dungeon." A wounded conscience makes him pronounce the sentence of his own banishment ; and there is no solitude like that which the mind creates for itself. A malignant passion darkens the sunlight and leaves awful shadows to creep over creation ; and no darkness is so terrible as he knows who walks "benighted under the noon-day sun," because "he hides a dark soul and foul thoughts." Watch the troubled course of that mistaken creature, who measures out for himself, in secret counsel, the black and poisonous

draughts of vice. He has escaped, he thinks, the rebuke of the world, for no ear but midnight's listens to his plottings. He is alone. See him, as he struggles with that lingering remembrance of childhood's sinlessness, and childhood's open breast, that will not die. See him wrestling in the strong arms of conscience; wrestling with the mighty thought of Right, that stands there to fight its eternal battle. See him startled at the wind's sigh or the leaf's rustling. See him tremble and weep as there breathes round him, in memory, the sad music of his mother's voice, full of the same pleading tenderness that used to thrill him, when she said prayers over his pillow. There are yet more frightful things there than we need to witness. Tragedy has but too faithfully completed the picture, and it has revealed to us the secret remorse, the secret lamentings, and the secret confessions of secret sinners. It has told us of the secret agony of looking at bloody hands which oceans could not cleanse, of tombs opened and vanished spirits recalled, of shudderings and strange fears and air-drawn "daggers of the mind." It tells us—strange, but true—of a loneliness full of a most painful society.

For, in reality, there is no such thing as a secret solitude for sin. Be that sin small or great, it never is conceived without remonstrance, nor committed without record. There is a sleepless eye, and an ever-hearing ear, open through the universe. He who hath "set our iniquities before Him, and our secret sins in the light of his countenance," is He who will judge us, and whom we should therefore fear to offend. When the crowd presses by and we move amidst it, with thoughts that none of those restless glances can penetrate, then, could we but remember it, we are in the intimate presence of the Invisible, and there is no thought there that is not written on high. While we are in personal communion with self, we still know that the All-seeing "seeth in secret." Overlooking the probability that the fault now secret will work itself to light, and be seen in the outward act, whether it do or not, it

will be known to God, from whose knowledge we cannot escape. Escape from God! Nay, man cannot escape from himself. He cannot be alone, for he is compassed by the Lord's cloud of witnesses. We have seen him with no human companionship, yet reasoning and fearing and sorrowing, as if the fancied forms with which a heated brain surrounds him were the real avengers of his crime, the real punishers of his vice. The conscious life will go on forever; and bitter indeed will be our portion, if, through its ages, we are laboring to enshroud ourselves with moral night, to bury ourselves in moral death. Still we must live on: and

“ While we live,

An inward day that never, never sets,

Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eye-lids.”

It is said that, in the troubled reign of Louis XIV. of France, an unutterable terror spread through the capital city of that reckless kingdom. Some secret hand seemed to be dealing death through all men's dwellings. Strong men and delicate women fainted and died, and yet there was no pestilence nor war. But in one hidden and fearful chamber there was working a magician who scattered subtle poisons in the breath men drew, and took the life out of a thousand hearts, and none knew the destroyer. Almost at the same time there were, here and there, strange and mysterious murderings. A dagger, known by the peculiar form of the wound it left behind, was thrust into the bosoms of noblemen and citizens, by one and the same invisible arm. And it is matter of history, that both those monstrous authors of unprovoked destruction, the master-workers of so much agony, perished miserably and secretly by the very devices of their own invention. So is it with every sin cherished in the heart. It gives at last its own death-wound: it works out its own retribution. Its own poison and sword consume and strike down, unseen, in the dark and pestilent places of their habitation.

F. D. H.

## GENUINENESS OF 1 JOHN v. 7.

IN parts of the country where Unitarian books have not found their way, this passage still holds the place of sheet anchor to the Trinitarian belief. It has always appeared to me that great advantage would be gained by appealing, upon the claims of this verse, to authorities generally known and accessible every where to the common people. For instance, a copy of Adam Clarke's New Testament can be found in almost every village ; for it is so published as to be one of the cheapest books, for the matter it contains, in existence. This distinguished Methodist commentator, in his second volume, page 888, thus sums up the evidence against the verse. I give the heads of his careful and learned deduction.

I. Of 113 Greek MSS, all but one, and that recent, are destitute of 1 John v. 7.

II. All Greek fathers omit the verse, even when quoting the verse before and the verse after in defence of the Trinity.

III. It first appears in Greek in the translation of the Acts of a Council in 1215.

IV. No written Latin copy previous to the tenth century contains it.

V. The Latin fathers do not use it, when it would have helped them greatly.

VI. Vigilius, a "writer of very little credit," first refers to it, at the conclusion of the fifth century. But his words do not agree with the present text.

VII. Latin writers who do quote it, quote it very differently: many omit "these three are one." The writers who have quoted it are comparatively recent and spurious.

VIII. It is wanting in all the ancient versions, the Vulgate excepted ; and in the most ancient version of that.

IX. It is wanting in the first and second editions of Erasmus; in the editions of Aldus, &c.; and in the German translation of



Luther. It is inserted in our early English translation (Clarke gives specimens) with marks of doubtfulness.

X. It stands on no authority sufficient to authenticate any part of revelation.

Therefore, says Clarke, p. 879, "though a conscientious believer in the doctrine of the ever blessed, holy and undivided Trinity, I *cannot help doubting* the authenticity of the text in question."

Another witness equally unimpeachable and easy of access, equally conclusive as authority with the people at large, is the *Missionary Herald*. In an early number, many years ago, I remember the great interest which is given to the discovery in the East, by some of the first missionaries, of a very ancient version of the New Testament. The first passage they looked for in it was this same celebrated text, and it *was wanting*, as they report in capital letters upon the pages of the *Herald*.

When attending the lectures of a celebrated and able Calvinistic Professor of Theology, I was very much impressed by the emphasis with which he uttered himself upon this passage. "Gentlemen! never preach upon this passage. It cannot bear you up. Some people anchor their faith upon it; and when they find it is worth nothing, are lost; their whole stay is gone. Anybody can prove it spurious. It has done more harm to the Trinity than a thousand Unitarian preachers."

F. W. H.

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How few Christians appear to understand the connexion between faith and character! Faith is the means; character, the end. What can be greater folly than to substitute the end for the means, or to content ourselves with what we regard as a means, without using it as an end? \*

## RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDHOOD.

How shall we develop, or train, the religious nature of a child?

The question supposes that the child has a religious nature. What do we mean by this? Not that he is naturally pious or devout, any farther than he is also naturally selfish or passionate; but that he has capacities and wants which demand the culture that will result in a religious character. He can be made religious by proper treatment, while a brute cannot be made religious by any treatment. And when he is made, or becomes religious, he will be fulfilling laws, obeying tendencies, satisfying wants of his nature, as truly as, when he becomes strong by the use of food and exercise, he is relieving wants or obeying laws which the Creator has implanted or imposed.

How can this religious culture be afforded? To answer this question, we must, again, agree upon the meaning of the term before us—in this instance, religion; which is best defined by recurring to the etymology. Religion is the connexion of man with God; the science, considered theoretically—the sense, considered practically—of obligation to the Supreme Being. This sense, properly established, grows into reverence, fear, love, trust, and obedience,—the visible, and secret forms which the one sentiment of piety or religion takes under different circumstances of inward or outward experience.

Now how can we cherish this sentiment, and guide it into these forms? Can we do it directly? Analogy will enable us to answer this inquiry. Can we make a child love his parent or other friend, can we make him reverence goodness, can we make him fear or honor a superior, by telling him he must? No; certainly not. We cannot then make him honor, or love God by enjoining upon him the duty. We may teach him

to pray in appearance, to worship in form, but the sentiment will not be there.

It must then be indirectly that we effect our purpose,—indirectly, or rather, we would say, circuitously; not by direct instruction, but by awakening or strengthening the sentiment of which we have seen the child is capable. But how shall we do this? Again analogy will suggest the answer. The child is taught to love the earthly parent by experiencing his care and tenderness, or is made to admire human goodness by seeing its beauty, excellence, worth. Let then the child experience the Divine care and beneficence, or be brought to contemplate the Divine character, and he will become religious.

But it may be said that the child, every child, constantly experiences the Divine beneficence, yet all children are not religious. Yes; but all children do not know that God is the author of the benefits which they receive—the blessings which they enjoy, and few children understand that a kind purpose may lie concealed beneath forms of suffering or disappointment.

First then we say, religion may be, and must be directly cultivated, by teaching a child that God is the Author of all the beauty which he beholds and all the satisfactions or delights which he enjoys. This truth he must, while a child, receive on authority; on the testimony, that is, of his parent or teacher. He must be told concerning an invisible Being, concerning the Creator and Father of us all. And it will be found that childhood, through the readiness of belief which marks this age of life, will accept this truth, and take it as the basis of its emotions.

Then we would instruct a child concerning human experience, concerning his own experience, that he may be made to see blessing in trial, and acknowledge the Divine love under circumstances that may at first trouble the young heart. This can be done only gradually. But it need not depend wholly on authority. The child's reason may here be exercised, and his heart be brought to confess the truth.

Having thus laid the foundation, we may proceed according to the hints which analogy has furnished, and quicken the religious nature of the child by unfolding to his view the Divine activity and the Divine perfection. Accustom him to contemplate those aspects of Providence which betoken a wise love; train him to the examination of nature as the work of Infinite Goodness; use every occasion of reminding him how beneficent and gracious the Heavenly Father is; and he will necessarily, by indestructible laws of his nature, become religious,—provided that opposing influences do not counteract your labors.

This therefore, is the next, and last thought on which we should insist,—that we must protect the child from corrupting influences. In other words; that we may make him religious, we must guard and help his moral nature. We must render him good, that he may become devout. Sin, vice, selfishness, a corrupt heart, throws a two-fold hindrance in the way of religious improvement; it darkens the mind, preventing clear and just perceptions of Divine truth, and it blunts the sensibilities, that they are not easily moved to the issues of a devout life. An immoral man is at least, likely, to be an irreligious man; while a man of pure tastes and generous feelings is disposed by them to sincere and earnest religion.

Assuming then that the child has capacities and wants which prove his adaptation to religious influence, we should teach him authoritatively that there is a God, and instruct him positively concerning the Divine providence in its relation to character—the highest good of man; and then we should seek to familiarize him with the various manifestations of the Divine character which must inspire religious feelings; while we should endeavor to train him and guard him in all virtuous habits of heart and life. So should we hope that he would grow up a religious being—a child of God.

## INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT BRIGHTON, MASS.—Mr. Frederic Augustus Whitney was ordained as minister of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Society in Brighton, on Wednesday, February 21, 1844. The following was the order of services:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Newell of Cambridge; Selections from Scripture, read by Rev. Mr. Weiss of Watertown; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Putnam of Roxbury; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Stetson of Medford; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Lunt of Quincy; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Ellis of Charlestown; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston; Benediction, by the Pastor.

The Sermon was from the text, "For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's": 1 Corinthians iii. 21—23. The subject was stated to be, the Breadth of Christianity. Christianity is broad in its objects, in its means, and in its fellowships; in the objects at which it aims, the means by which it would reach them, and the fellowships it would create and maintain.—We cannot, in any given space, state definitely and completely what the objects of Christianity are. They are infinite. The leading design may be considered, for the present hour, to be conversion. Conversion is a word of wide meaning. In a general sense, it is to make bad men good and good men better. These changes for the better may be gradual or sudden, rapid or slow. Yet the resolve from which the change proceeds must always be instantaneous. A resolve to be righteous is not made, half at one time, and half at another. It must be complete and entire, to be anything that deserves the name. With this explanation the old idea of instantaneous conversion is true. The doctrine of conversion is broad, because all men need it. Every person in the preacher's hearing needs to be converted; some from one thing and some from another, some radically and some partially. Taking this, therefore, as one of the aims of Christian truth, we see something of its

breadth.—Christianity is broad in its means. It allows its ministers to use all honest weapons in their warfare. It confines them to no one method of argument, no one description of appeals, no one class of illustrations. It draws upon the whole world of nature and of thought and of feeling. It addresses mankind through every avenue open to their natures. The Preacher may make all forms of religious belief, however erroneous, all sciences, however strictly physical, all departments of discovery, research and sensibility, to help him in his work of setting forth Christian instruction. The Gospel itself shows how diversified are the means through which its teachings may be enforced and made effective.—Christianity is broad in its fellowships. There is no limit to its sympathies. The principles on which they are established are wide and sure.

The church of our friends in Brighton has been thoroughly repaired, and presents now a neat and beautiful appearance. They are looking forward, with expectations that seem to be reasonable and just, to new edification and enjoyments, along with their new external arrangements.

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ORDINATION AT TEMPLETON, MASS.—On Wednesday, February 21, 1844, Mr. Norwood Damon was ordained, as Colleague Pastor with Rev. Charles Wellington, of the First Congregational Society in Templeton. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Dean of Westminster; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Bradford of Hubbardston; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Mr. Gage of Peterham; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Wilson of Grafton; Address to the Society, by Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Nightingale of Athol; Benediction, by the Junior Pastor.

The Preacher's text was from Matthew v. 47: "What do ye more than others?" The doctrine of the discourse was that the professions men make, in their common life and speech, hold them, if they would be consistent, to fulfil the whole Christian obligation, up to the measure of their ability and light. We are constantly admitting,

through different modes, the reality, the importance and the authority of Christian truth. Communities and individuals are tenacious of the name, "Christian." They claim it as a right, with their lips. Do they establish an equally positive claim, by their characters? Civilization, the sciences, the arts, profess generally to be based on Christian ideas. They would prove themselves in harmony with the Christian spirit. Are they who write and speak and paint and chisel, in this way, consistent? There are institutions existing among us, having a Christian origin, and pretending to have a Christian design. Most persons habitually observe these institutions. In so doing they commit themselves to the feeling and action which those institutions urge, and for which, if for any thing, they have their being. Every nominal believer is bound to be a real believer.—This course of thought was pursued under various illustrations. It was carried into the deep experiences of the human soul—affliction and distress. The argument was applied to our position as a denomination, and to the passing occasion. We are always, and sometimes when we hardly think of it, conceding the necessity of religion and are making a profession. But the question, "what do ye more than others," and not, "what profess ye more than others," is the solemn interrogation put to the soul by conscience and God.

In the remaining exercises, besides the usual topics of appropriate remark, there were several allusions to the character and death of the lately deceased and lamented father of the candidate, Rev. David Damon of West Cambridge, and also to the services of the much esteemed senior Pastor. Dr. Thompson's long and intimate relations with the latter rendered his words peculiarly affecting. A large assemblage of people was present, both from the village, and from towns in the vicinity.

After the services at the church were concluded, the Council, together with a company of ladies and gentlemen, so numerous as to require the use of two halls at a public house, sat down to an entertainment provided by a Committee of the Society. Not the least agreeable feature in the arrangement, was the circumstance that the Orthodox and Methodist clergymen of the place were invited to be present, and accepted the invitation with apparent cordiality. The blessing was invoked by the Orthodox minister, and there was an absence of all sectarianism or unfriendly reserve throughout the festival. Addresses were made at the table by the Moderator, Rev.

Dr. Thompson, by the elder and younger Pastors, by Joseph Mason, Esq., Rev. Mr. Huntington of Hadley, Rev. Mr. Nightingale, Rev. Mr. Dean, Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston, Rev. Mr. Bradford, and Rev. Mr. Wellington, recently of Manchester.

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**ANTI-SLAVERY.**—A considerable number of the English Unitarian ministers have addressed to the Unitarian ministers in this country, an epistle of exhortation and counsel, on the subject of Slavery and its relations. They suppose our Liberal Clergy to be as proper a body of men for considering this subject and throwing light upon it, as any other; and they would remind their brethren of their Christian obligations in that regard. The letter is characterized by a spirit of just disapprobation and a tone of calm reproof towards the terrible institution of which it treats.

A Convention of Unitarian Clergymen to consider the topic thus brought under their notice, assembled in this city on February 29, 1844. We hope we shall be able to give an account of its proceedings in our next number.

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**FAIR FOR THE FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.**—The Ladies of Rev. Mr. Young's Society in this city, held a Fair for the sale of useful and ornamental articles, on the 14th and 15th of February, 1844, at the private mansion of Benjamin Loring, Esq., in Summer street. The preparations were of a beautiful and extensive kind, and all the arrangements in the best method. We notice it, because its purpose was strictly religious, and intimately connected with one department of Unitarian missions. The proceeds are to be devoted, not as some have supposed, to the general relief of the poor in the city; but to the enlargement of the funds of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, which has charge of the Ministry-at-large. They will be expended in giving wider action, through larger resources, to this righteous institution. The Fair was not used as a means of raising the usual annual amount of subscription from this Society; that contribution had been made previously. We learn that twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars was the nett sum, realized from this benevolent enterprise.



**TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.**—The friends of the Temperance cause held a general Convention, to consider its present prospects and position, in this city, on February 20 and 21, 1844. The addresses were interesting and full of spirited remark. There was a free discussion of the two different ideas, of "Legislative Action," on the one hand, and "Washingtonianism," or "Moral Suasion" on the other, —all with good feeling and harmony. The result is noticeable and happy, as indicating a fair understanding between the advocates of the two methods. The parties separated, we believe, feeling themselves to be more in unison than they had supposed.

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**"FREE MEETINGS" AT AMORY HALL.**—For a few Sabbaths a series of meetings has been attended at Amory Hall, for the purpose of listening to Lectures on Christian Institutions and Reforms. We have no design of discussing the propriety of such assemblages, or of describing the addresses that have been made. They seem to us to have a very bad tendency, and probably compassion is the proper sentiment to be felt for those restless persons who encourage them. We choose, in order to avoid the possibility of misrepresentation, to quote the following paragraph, taken from "the Liberator," in preference to offering any account of our own. The paragraph speaks for itself, and is an index of the whole movement.

"In the forenoon, a lecture was delivered by the Editor of the Liberator, in which he endeavored to show that the institution of 'public worship,' so called—while it constitutes a part of Judaism, Mahometanism, Paganism, Sectism,—was contrary to the genius and design of Christianity, at war with human freedom, a hindrance to universal reform, enjoined neither by reason nor revelation, and one of the main pillars of priestcraft. In the afternoon, the same topic was selected for free discussion, in which several persons participated, though no one spoke in defence of this artificial and despotic 'worship.' In the evening, the Editor gave another lecture, in opposition to the prevailing views respecting the sanctity of the Sabbath—maintaining that the Sabbath was strictly a Jewish institution, which expired by its own limitation eighteen hundred years ago, and therefore not binding upon any other people. He argued that the religious monopoly of the day by the priesthood constituted one of the most afflicting and insupportable monopolies known to mankind, and called upon the people,—especially the WORKING-MEN,—to come to the rescue of it, and to make it subservient to their own highest welfare, by devising ways and means to remove the heavy burdens under which they groan, and to establish freedom, equality and righteousness in the earth."

**THE CHURCH CONTROVERSY.**—Our readers have seen these three odious words so often recently, and know so well what, and how little, they mean, that there is no occasion for an explanation of them. After Drs. Wainwright and Potts had addressed a sufficient number of letters to each other to be convinced that they were wasting time, wearying public attention, and disgusting good Christians, they thought it wise to lay aside the spurs, and make each his own statement to the public at large. There has been a tone of peevishness and querulousness running through every communication that these reverend divines have made to one another. Dr. Potts has evidently been embarrassed, to Dr. Wainwright's great satisfaction, by his Presbyterianism; and Dr. Wainwright, by the badness of his whole cause. After standing in a pugnacious attitude, and throwing at each other a vast amount of personality, mingled with the weakest description of school-boy bravado, they are very willing, equally willing, to turn to an imaginary personage and deliver themselves, without the fear or inconvenience of contradiction. Both claim the honor of intimidating the opposer. The truth is, the positions taken were too vulnerable to make it agreeable to have a sharp antagonist with his eye fixed upon every tergiversation. We are sincerely glad that the community are relieved from these semi-weekly exhibitions of a spirit unworthy the advocates of the religion of Christ.

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**CATHOLIC VS. PROTESTANT.**—Another Theological dispute in New York has grown out of a Lecture delivered by Bishop Hughes, on the Connection between Ecclesiastical and Civil Power in the middle ages. His positions were reviewed, and the Protestant view presented with great vivacity and popularity, in three public addresses by Rev. George B. Cheever. These discourses were of course highly satisfactory to Mr. Cheever's friends, and were much applauded by them. We have no space even to give a synopsis of his argument.

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**CATHOLICISM AT NEW ORLEANS.**—It is sometimes said, and we think with considerable truth, that much of the seeming reaction in favor of Rome is to be ascribed to a desire to escape from

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the agitations of opinion, the hard necessity of personal examination into the foundations of faith, and the individual responsibilities of inquiry and thought, which characterize Protestantism. But, to say nothing of the courage and manliness of such a shrinking from the battle, it begins, besides, to appear that there is not perfect rest even in the maternal arms of the Catholic Church. Indeed, it is quite remarkable, that this great question of the limits of Ecclesiastical Power is coming up in this country at the same moment within the enclosures of Romanism and Episcopalianism. The late scene at New York has had more than a parallel in New Orleans. In consequence of the late death of Mr. Bach, Curate of the Cathedral Church, it became necessary that a successor should be chosen in his place. A letter was immediately issued by Bishop Blanc, not only assuming the right to make the appointment, but designating certain conditions under which the new Curate should be granted and received. These conditions were of an exceedingly arbitrary character, but the Bishop presumes "they will be acceded to, as they are designed to put an end to difficulties!" Instead of this result, they have created some difficulties of a very serious kind. A spirited meeting of Catholics in the city was held, and a letter was prepared in answer to the Bishop, boldly and distinctly rejecting the conditions; plainly declaring that the Bishop was suspected of an intention to make himself "entire master of the Church," and denying to him the right of nominating the Curate, with reasons annexed. The Bishop adhered to his course, and refused to sanction the nomination of the wardens. The wardens appealed to the secular power for a decision. Large meetings have been held in support of both parties. The Irish and English Catholics take ground with the Bishop,—it is intimated, from mercenary motives. The French portion of the population support the cause of the wardens, and with eminent ability. We notice among those active in the party, the names of W. C. C. Claiborne, son of Gov. Claiborne, and late Secretary of the State of Louisiana, Hon. Dennis Prieur, late Mayor of the city, and Pierre Serle, a distinguished lawyer. Abbe Perche, an obnoxious priest, and a subordinate of Bishop Blanc, was prevented by a popular tumult from pronouncing an oration on the 8th of January, the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. The proceeds of the Cathedral, from the rent of slips, have fallen from the rate of \$18,000 to that of \$2,500 *per annum*, and the wardens have instituted a suit against the Bishop for damages.

CONTROVERSIAL CORRESPONDENCE IN IRELAND.—Our brethren in the North of Ireland are subjected to treatment, which for its violation of courtesy and decency exceeds any thing which we have observed elsewhere in the theological warfare of our times; and they find it difficult to bear the abuse, which is heaped upon them, without resentment. We have read with pain a correspondence, at first conducted by private communication, and afterwards published in one of the Belfast newspapers, between Rev. John Edgar and Rev. J. Scott Porter. Dr. Edgar is known by his unscrupulous defamation of Unitarians and Unitarianism, which has more than once brought upon him severe castigation from Rev. Dr. Montgomery. In one of his public speeches he made allusion to Mr. Porter in language of such gross personality, that Mr. Porter felt himself compelled to notice it, also in a speech on a public occasion; which drew forth a note from Dr. Edgar, disclaiming an intention of personality in a particular remark which Mr. Porter had quoted. Mr. Porter, in reply, called upon Dr. Edgar to retract the calumnies which he had uttered respecting himself and his friends, and the religious system which they defend, specifying particularly the charges, that their "religious worship, on the Lord's day, consists in vilifying the Saviour," and that "Unitarianism is but another name for Infidelity." Dr. Edgar, instead of retracting or expressing any regret for uttering these charges, repeats them in a strain of continued insult. Mr. Porter conducts his part of the correspondence with ability, though with severity. We have no desire to lay before our readers either the scandalous imputations of the one, or the caustic replies of the other; but a single quotation from one of Dr. Edgar's letters may show the temper which guides his pen.

"Though it may be all very fine to talk, in a vamping public speech, of retracting a statement respecting the infidel tendency of Unitarianism, yet, in a quiet way between ourselves, it is rather too much to ask me to retract what the highest authorities of your sect have boasted of; particularly as one so well acquainted with the history of the system as you, must know that it is calculated to blot out the very name of Christianity."

On which Mr. Porter observes—and we are disposed to agree with him:—"This, to one who has so long officiated as a Unitarian minister, and who still continues to do so, is one of the coolest pieces of impertinence that it has ever been my lot to witness."